UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

From "Wet" to "Dry"!

Three years on the bench has changed Judge Arthur P. Stone of the East Cambridge municipal court from a "wet" to a "dry", he said last night during a radio address over station WLOE, sponsored by the Law Enforcement League of Massachusetts. He said in part:

"The propaganda against the Prohibition amendment spends its spare time apparently in laying all the evils which it discovers in the body politic to Prohibition. If a murder is committed the high priests of aesthetic drinking shake their heads sorrowfully and murmur that it was not so in the good old days. If a girl goes wrong we are asked to pity the aged parents of this victim of Prohibitory tyranny. In fact everything we have that is wrong is wrong because of Prohibition.

"At the present time a favorite argument of the wets relates to unemployment. It would perhaps be a sufficient answer to their claims to point to the fact that there have been 12 years of Prohibition in the United States and in some of them wages rose to unparalleled heights. It might be fair to point out that one of the great causes of unemployment at the present time is the fact that people who received high wages in early Prohibition years find it difficult to accommodate themselves to a lower scale of wages when production is not so great.

"When people tell me that revival of the breweries in Massachusetts would help unemployment I am rather more interested in the evidence than I am in the plea. I suppose it is fair to eliminate the manufacture of distilled liquor in Massachusetts because our friends the "wets" hasten to assure us that they do not want the saloon back and all they are after at the present time at any rate is beer and light wines.

"The last figures we can obtain are from the 1910 census. I am willing to assume that 1931 figures would immediately equal those of 1910. The number of persons employed in the malt industry in 1910 was 2091 persons. In 1916 the number increased to 2141. In other words, in six years 50 more people were employed. Truly a thriving industry.

"The capital then invested was a little over $20,000,000. Suppose for a moment that you could divert $20,000,000 capital from other industries without harmful effects and invest it today in the malt business and that you could start up tomorrow morning. There would be only 2000 or more jobs. Two thousand jobs among 4,500,000 people. It may be interesting to know that at that time there were 8209 men employed in the clothing business, with capital investment of $8,000,000. In other words, at that time every dollar invested in the manufacturing of clothes gave 10 times as much employment as another dollar invested in the manufacture of malt liquor."

The Boston Herald

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

VOLUME CVII MONDAY, MAY 11, 1931 NUMBER 11

CHRISTIANS AND WAR

"Is it justifiable for Christians to take part in war? Frankly, I do not think it is.

"I have not always seen it this way. I think it first came to me one day at Camp Wadsworth. My wife had come down the back road at Camp and passed the bayonet run where one British, one French and four American officers were urging the boys to curse and to swear, and as they tore down the rummies to bring down their hob-nailed shoes harder on the stuffed men.

"My wife is a Methodist. I am a Catholic. When she got to where I was she burst out with the question: 'How do you reconcile this with your Christian principles?' I replied, 'I don't.' But I said I would talk it over when I got back.

"I shall enlist if another war comes, but I shall not try to reconcile it with Christian principles. I shall not pretend to take Christ with me into the war."

—Major General John F. O'Ryan as quoted in the World Tomorrow (May, 1931).

It is a satisfaction to be able to state authoritatively on the basis of a personal cablegram received from Gandhi by the editor of UNITY that the Mahatma has no intention of coming to this country this fall. We say this not because it would not be an honor and privilege to welcome the great Indian leader to the United States. We hope that the time will come when Gandhi may visit the people of this nation on some noble public mission. But a casual visit, as a mere incident of the great Round Table meeting in London, would be in many ways calamitous. We have not yet forgotten, and doubt if we will ever forget, the circus into which the recent visit of Albert Einstein was turned by the sensational press of this country. Any visitor of wide fame and unique character is immediately seized upon as an occasion for journalistic exploitation of the most vulgar type. Tabloid newspapers, highly commercialized lecture bureaus, press syndicates, entertainment organizations of every kind, would pounce upon the great Mahatma, if he came here now, like so many harpies eager to devour him to their own great profit and advantage. Gandhi is too powerful a personality, too calm and well disciplined a mind, not to be able to protect himself from degrading personal usage, but neither he nor his friends in this country could protect him from the sensational exploitation which is the bane of our American life today. To think of Gandhi coming to New York is like thinking of Jesus of Nazareth coming to this same city—it makes one's veins run cold with fear. We are convinced that Gandhi as a person and India as a cause would suffer damage from such an experience. So we welcome this personal assurance that the Mahatma does not intend to visit us at this time. Later on, when India is free and Gandhi has completed his great work, let him come, not as a national leader, nor even as a unique figure, but as an exalted teacher who, in quietness and confidence, can teach Americans, as he has taught his own fellow-countrymen, the way of life.

If there ever was any doubt that Philip Snowden is the greatest man in the British Labor Cabinet, that doubt was quite removed by the last budget presented to the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The budget itself was a masterpiece of statesmanship, worthy of the exalted traditions of English parliamentary government. But of course what made it a historic document was the definite, official proposal of a tax on land values. This brings us back to the early and really great days of David Lloyd-George in the Asquith regime, for the famous Liberal leader was a Single Taxer in that remote age. But what Lloyd-George merely talked about Philip Snowden will carry through. This is significant in itself, as marking a reform, long over-due, which penetrates right straight to the heart of the whole problem of social injustice. But it has immediate importance and value as indicating a determination on the part of British Labor to do something more in domestic policy than merely mark time. Up to the present moment, MacDonald's leadership has presented little other than a particularly tepid type of conventional Liberalism. In matters of taxation, unemployment, education, and so forth, Asquith would have done the same, or even a little better. But now comes a proposal which has a touch at least of the rigor of reform which was once associated with the program of the British Labor Party. It falls far short, of course, of the sweeping changes which should be undertaken if the Socialist movement in England is ever really going to accomplish anything. But in itself the taxation of land values is a fundamental thing, and its advent, therefore, in a budget speech a momentous historical event. It is to be remembered that Mr. Snowden's proposal is for the near future rather than for the immediate present. But it

is worth waiting for, especially with a fighter like Philip Snowden in command of the campaign.

After weeks of encouragement, the European situation is black again. The Anglo-French reception of the German-Austrian customs union was bad enough, with the British Labor Party playing a role as shameful as that assumed by Mr. Briand. But now comes the collapse of the French-Italian naval agreement, with the February disarmament conference as a consequence threatened again with utter failure. We understand that there are still high hopes of this conference doing something, but we cannot see on what such hopes are founded. The dictatorship in Germany, put into effect with scarcely a ripple of excitement, so used we are to sensational events of this character, has for the moment stabilized affairs in the republic, but it looks for all the world to us like sitting on the lid and waiting for the explosion. From faint yet cheerful light, straight back into darkness the continent has gone. Which means that something far more drastic than agreements here and prospects there is needed, if Europe is to be saved from final disaster! Why is there not a statesman, we wonder, with vision enough to see the crisis and with courage enough to meet it? We have looked in the past to Briand, but against the German-Austrian pact he rose up as furiously as the veriest chauvinist. Mr. Henderson has more than once stirred our admiration, but he also, when he had a chance to help Austria, became nothing but a thick-skinned bureaucrat. MacDonald, of course, is an empty-shell, and Lloyd-George a "dud." President Hoover seems perfectly content to let Europe drift from bad to worse, and do nothing. At a time when action, dramatic action, daring action is so terribly needed, we could almost wish that Winston Churchill, baptized afresh into Liberalism, could take the helm. He at least would have a policy, and a goal.

In the same newspaper on the same day we read in one column that a tumultuous welcome greeted the exiled King Alfonso of Spain on his arrival in London, and in another column that the Red propagandists in Spain have opened their drive for the capture of the new republic. If there be those who fear the triumph of Communism in revolutionary Spain, we respectfully advise them to do whatever they can to suppress such popular demonstrations of empty-headed enthusiasm as these which greeted the exiled King on his arrival in the London capital. Why should Alfonso be cheered by the citizens of a great democracy? What has he ever done to deserve the plaudits of a free people? We can well understand the news, carefully recorded by an intelligent journalist, that former King Manuel of Portugal was waiting in the hotel lobby to greet his Spanish brother. Manuel was a well-appointed committee of reception, and we have no doubt that he spoke the words proper on such an occasion. But the spectacle of streets around the London railway station packed with enthusiastic throngs of men and women, of a triumphal procession through thousands of homeward-bound workers, of scenes which constitute the Bourbon's "triumph of his life," move us only to feelings of disgust. If there is anything sillier than the hysteria of the citizens of a democracy on occasions like this, we do not know what it is. If people can go off their heads in such fashion for no reason at all, or for a very bad reason, what hope is there for the future of our Western civilization? It makes us think of Mayor Walker in New York! The two men, the Mayor and the King, are debonair, snappy, jovial playboys, sporty in their private life, futile in their public leadership, and yet persistently popular with empty-headed groundlings. It gives one comfort to think that the Spanish people actually conquered their mania enough to get rid of their King at last. This is a good augury for New York City in its gallant fight to get rid of Mayor Walker. Alfonso and Jimmy could be good pals together in Mayfair or Montmartre.

The *World Tomorrow* has made a remarkable survey of religious opinion in this country on the war and peace question. Some months ago it sent out to 53,041 clergymen and divinity students a questionnaire on such questions as military training in the public schools, disarmament, the League of Nations, etc. Most important among these questions were the following:

(1) Do you believe that the churches of America should now go on record as refusing to sanction or support any future war?

(2) Are you personally prepared to state that it is your present purpose not to sanction any future war or participate as an armed combatant?

(3) Could you conscientiously serve as an official army chaplain on active duty in war time?

Of the 19,372 clergymen answering these crucial questions, 12,076, or 62 per cent, answered "yes" to the first; 10,427, or 54 per cent, answered "yes" to the second, and 6,628, or 34 per cent, answered "no" to the third. The editors of the *World Tomorrow* think that this is a remarkable showing, and we agree with them. Pacifist sentiment among the clergy is infinitely more emphatic and widespread than it has ever been before. It is especially encouraging that the replies of the theological students were even more thorough-going in their idealism than those of their elder brethren. It is also significant, as Kirby Page points out in his analysis of the returns, "that approximately 17,700 persons, or 91 per cent, expressed a willingness to have their names and replies made public." Evidently pacifism is no longer something to be ashamed of! We commend this impressive fact, and other details of the whole survey, to the American Legion, the Daughters of the

American Revolution, and other patrioteer societies. It will give them some badly needed food for thought.

But this questionnaire is not wholly encouraging. We must be careful to build no false hopes upon it. The clergy are not all pacifists yet by any means! Thus, such great religious bodies as the Jews, the Lutherans, the Southern Baptists and Methodists, and especially the Catholics, are not represented at all. Of the Catholics in this connection the *Commonweal* (Catholic laymen's weekly) says:

> It would seem to us that this (condemning all war) is a position impossible for the Catholic Church to assume, for that Church agrees with the common sense of mankind in holding that war is not always evil.

Even of the ministers definitely recording their convictions in this survey, the assurance of thorough-going pacifism is not all that it might be. Thus, as we study the questions asked, we find that they grade themselves in the degree of their remoteness from, or nearness to, the actual battlefield which may be said to represent the crisis of decision. (1) Least critical and searching is the question about military training in the public schools; (2) next comes disarmament; (3) a nearer approach to actual war is the question as to whether churches should refuse to sanction or support war; (4) nearer still is the inquiry about the ministers, whether they personally should sanction or participate in war; (5) most searching is the question about chaplaincies. Now, as we follow these questions through, it is impressive to note that the number of men pledging thoroughgoing pacificism falls off steadily, and at the end rapidly. Thus, 5,262 Methodists, or 91 per cent, are opposed to military training; 4,981, or 88 per cent, to armaments; 4,215, or 73 per cent, to churches approving war; 3,598, or 62 per cent, to ministers approving war; and 2,204, or 38 per cent, to chaplaincies. The Presbyterians rank, under these same five heads, 2,023, or 78 per cent; 1,920, or 74 per cent; 1,376, or 53 per cent; 1,192, or 46 per cent; 705, or 27 per cent. The Congregationalists show 1,764 (83 per cent), 1,749 (82 per cent), 1,210 (57 per cent), 1,039 (49 per cent), 717 (34 per cent). The general summary runs 16,018 (83 per cent), 15,449 (80 per cent), 12,076 (62 per cent), 10,427 (54 per cent), 6,628 (34 per cent). The ratio of shrinkage, as the real issue draws near, is about the same in all groups. How many of these clergymen could actually be counted upon to see this thing through?

Danger Ahead

It is almost impossible to think of any misfortune or disaster which does not bring with it at least one gain for humanity. War makes people work with redoubled energy for peace. Epidemics cause physicians to search more diligently for new methods of dealing with age-old plagues. Earthquakes and conflagrations force men to study more adequate methods of building modern communities. And even gangster rule in some of our great cities brings about civic reform.

The price we pay for this hard thinking and for the reform which follows it is a terrific one, and no sane person would justify the evil by the fact of the good result which may accrue. When man learns to be socially intelligent and far-seeing, he will not wait for calamity to stir him out of his lethargy, but will devote his energies to building plans of social betterment because he realizes the necessity for such action. The research activities carried on by many of our great business corporations, the research professorships in an increasing number of universities, and the work done by many of the great foundations, such as the Rockefeller, demonstrate the fact that we are beginning to be intelligent about the future. We can try to prevent evil without first waiting for evil to almost destroy us.

This leads us to a consideration of our present economic crisis, and to raise the question whether we are going to be intelligent enough to think about the dangers ahead; or whether we are going to drift more or less blindly into terrible calamity before marking out reasonable plans for the future. There seem to be evidences that men are thinking hard about our industrial civilization. Unemployment with its attendant misery, insecurity and bitterness is forcing even conservative business men to look far into the future and to ask themselves "What will this civilization of ours lead to in the year 2000, and how can we prepare now to forestall some of its possible disasters?"

The following outline is offered merely as a series of pegs to hang some thinking on; hoping that, while much of it may prove fallacious, some of it may stimulate readers to form a sound public opinion on subjects of the utmost importance for the future well being of mankind.

1st. There is a limit to the magic prosperity which the industrial system can produce. We can't continue to pull rabbits out of silk hats without putting rabbits in. Making wealth by speculation is a delusion as far as society is concerned. Whereas a few men may bet right at a given moment in the ups and downs of the stock market, the fundamental wealth of the world has got to be produced by the sweat of man's brow. Therefore, there must be a social regulation of speculation which will prevent a country going through a period of such inflation as that of recent times. We must get back to a philosophy of production by creative effort in which every man should share. It should be increasingly clear to all that consuming without producing is economically, socially, and morally wrong.

2nd. Machine technique has arrived at that point of perfection where overproduction for a given market is possible. Therefore, the building of factories and operating of machinery must come under some sort of social control. It is economic suicide to continue with the expansion of shoe manufacturing when we produce more shoes than we can wear, and when shoes made in Czechoslovakia can sell in the United States for less than the cost of producing them here. There must be some kind of regulation, cooperation, socialization of industry. Whether we in America do it under the name of "rugged individualism" or whether those in Russia do it under the name of Bolshevism is not the most important thing. The most important fact is to realize that order, plan, reason must henceforth supplant our chaos if we are to have a society which is to produce stability and contentment.

3rd. During a period when a few nations like the United States and Germany are highly industrialized and when other great areas like Russia and China are primarily agricultural, the industrial areas can expect prosperity founded on exports. But when the areas like Russia and China become highly industrialized (which is happening with great rapidity) then this kind of prosperity will probably decline. Note what has happened to England. When raw materials are wasted as they are in the United States, then the basis of industrial prosperity must decline. We cannot foretell at exactly what period the whole world will be industrialized, but it will probably come more rapidly than we realize. Before that time comes there will be a terrific competion for markets which will be ruinous unless brought under world control. Notice Russia's "dumping."

4th. We have got to go back, or shall we say, forward, to agriculture as the basis for civilization. The agriculture of the future, however, will not be like that of the present where farm life is dominated by industrial ideals and methods. The difficulty with the farm in America (and the same difficulty will be felt in Russia soon) is that we are making agriculture a business rather than a living. That was the analysis of George Russell ("A. E.") on his recent trip to this country. We have got to work out a new civilization wherein people can live nearer the land, stabilize themselves by having small farms or family gardens, and not be so completely dependent on the fluctuations of industry and world trade. France and Denmark may have led the way toward working out a stabilized form of civilization. America, by the application of machinery might do it to perfection.

5th. Wherever industry is introduced, population enormously increases. When the world becomes highly industrialized there will be "standing room only," and no place to go. There will be too many people for independent farms and too much production for more workers in factories. What then? An imaginable world war of annihilation? A struggle of peoples for a crust of bread? Poverty, disease, death? Perhaps. Note China before she becomes industrialized. What will the world in the year 2000 be like? A shambles? A jungle of maddened brutes? A humanity "gone native" because of the pressure of population upon diminishing resources?

There seems to be light in two directions. First, a reduction in the hours of work throughout the world. Enter the period when men can live for something greater and finer than toil. And secondly, birth control so that man can and will control population growth. It would seem that an intelligent program for world development would have to include at least these measures.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Jottings

The illegal traffic in drugs is defying every effort of the government to enforce the law. A fortnight ago three tons of opium, valued at $10,000,000, were seized at the port of New York. How much longer are we going to stand this farce of prohibition—of drugs? Repeal the law, and restore liberty to a people who *will* have their "dope"!

Einstein has declared that if 2 per cent of the population of a country set themselves definitely against war, the fight for peace is won. The population of the United States is 120,000,000. This means an adult population of about 50,000,000. Two per cent of 50,000,000 is 1,000,000. Get 1,000,000 war-resisters in this country, and peace is here. This is the job before us!

The Citizens Military Training Camps, says Dr. Cadman, are not militarist at all, but only *"defensist!"* Thus is a new "weasel word" added to the vocabulary of sham.

Charles Francis Potter, of New York, has denounced Lincoln Steffens as a "heretic," in the name of Humanism. Steffens, says Mr. Potter, doubts human nature, and thus must be anathema to all true Humanists! This strikes us as melancholy business, but familiar. Like every other religious group, Humanism has its creed and therefore its heretics. Must this be so?

We wish the D. A. R. Congresses met more than once a year. This world is a pretty gloomy old place, and a little hilarity now and then is relished by us all.

Siam in Asia, like Denmark in Europe, is one of the happiest of countries. More small countries and fewer large ones might solve the problems of the world.

J. H. H.

The Latest Flash in the Pan

It is long since anything has happened to show so dramatically on what shaky foundations the present hodge-podge of international relationships in Europe rests, as the recent blowout over the ideal proposition that Austria and Germany take the first step towards building up a Pan-European Customs Union. It would be hard to think of a better moment in which to inaugurate this movement after the last year or two of donothingism in stabilizing world peace. The meetings of the Disarmament Commission of the League years ago evoked definite propositions from the Soviet Union but these were at their first appearance laughed out of court and at their more recent repetition smilingly bowed out.

Only a few days ago little Denmark was reported finally to have decided to scrap army and navy and thus give the endorsement of deeds to the Peace Pact which so many of the Governments of earth have plastered over with words. But the press of mankind had little to say about the significance of this really great achievement, quite in contrast to the chorus of denunciation which has greeted the modest announcement that the two Central European Powers are trying to get together economically, to draw other nations with them and thus help to alleviate somewhat the agonizing effects of the world economic breakdown. It certainly is a time for deeds if history ever saw one.

The facts in the case, as the European press has recorded them, are few and uncomplicated. Dr. Schober, Austria's Foreign Minister, sketches the steps that led his Government and Germany to hazard some definite procedure, as follows:

> At the first Pan-Europe conference, one heard many complaints, but no help was offered. At this conference I made a proposal for regional treaties between States with the same kind of economic interests. From this grouping I hoped for the birth of Pan-Europe. But again nothing happened. If the other twenty-six European States could wait, Austria could not. At the Pan-Europe discussion in January of the current year again no positive results were reached. So when Dr. Curtius came to Vienna we discussed the situation and decided to make a practical attempt at a solution.
>
> We wanted to show our willingness to start Customs Union negotiations between Austria and Germany and invite any third State which was willing to join to negotiate with us on the same lines. We wanted to use the Pan-Europe Committee's meeting in May to launch our plan, but suddenly Germany, realizing that the preliminary Pan-Europe Committee was to meet on March 24 in Paris, decided that it was necessary to inform the States concerning this Customs Union decision. As we had agreed only upon the principles any accusation of disloyalty against us was unjustified. The German Government was informed about the plan on March 18 and the Austrian Government on March 19, and I informed the chief committee of the Austrian Parliament on March 20.
>
> The proposed Customs Union will not prevent us from developing our relations with other countries. We are negotiating a new trade treaty with Hungary, built up on entirely new lines, and we hope these negotiations will be concluded after Easter. Further negotiations have begun with Roumania and Jugo-Slavia, while a German-Roumanian trade commission in Vienna will discuss the draft of a new treaty between the two countries.

When the intention of these two Governments to take the first step in the economic unionizing of Europe was made public, France burst into hysteria. M. Briand tried to soft-pedal the ebullition of hostility by pointing out that France was in no way imperiled by this first attempt to start working out his own pet scheme. His effort to calm down the people almost cost him his position in the Government.

Strangest of all, Britain's Foreign Minister, Mr. Henderson, who since the last meeting of the Assembly has stood out as the world's leading statesman in bona fide quest of peace and who in that Assembly had trounced the League for its ten-year-old supineness in failing to fulfil its solemn promise in the Covenant to secure world disarmament, quite forgot his role of champion of action and publicly lost his temper in condemning the time and the method of the announcement by the two Central Powers (not that they had made a treaty but) that they had agreed to try and make one.

Meantime French public opinion has been noisily battering Mr. Henderson's suggestion to submit the whole question to the League Council both because it will cause delay and because it will be a reference to a body without power to adjudicate such a case as shown by "that body's 'futile attempts' to settle previous problems of the same kind."

Realizing that he had taken the wrong road by condemning Germany and Austria without any attempt to round-table the question with such sensible men as Drs. Curtius and Schober, Mr. Henderson's next somersault move was to extend his Government's invitation to the German Chancellor and Foreign Minister to come to England and talk over the entire incident. It was a great pity that he had not done this at first because pressure from somewhere has caused him to postpone the visit from early in May to June 6 and now June 9.

The latest broadside in this battle of words has come from France's President, M. Doumergue, ordinarily an unusually silent figure. In his speech at Nice a few days ago he called upon his Nation "to refuse to reduce her own military forces below the needs of her security" and injected into the minds of his countrymen enough venom of distrust and dislike of the Central Powers to require time to counteract.

That the large statesmanship shown by Austria and Germany in trying to bind Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania and themselves in a pact of economic peace and cooperation should have met this decided opposition from France and Britain is all the more tragic when one considers how tense and foreboding a situation Europe is now facing. That Sovietdom is succeeding in her 5-year plan is now being declared by an entirely different class of visitors to that country. When a trusted member of the British diplomatic corps after a year's study on the ground returns to call upon his countrymen to adjust their thinking to the fact that the 5-year plan is already assured of success and when distinguished press representatives, whom one cannot gainsay, announce that the first duty of Western Nations is to act on the basis of the Soviet solution of her economic problem, does it not behoove the other nations to get to business, with conditions as they are? The entire non-Communist world is in a most unstable plight. Suppose that we in Europe and America approach next winter with no substantial decline in the ranks of unemployed while the Soviet Union with shortage of workers achieves a distinct rise in standard of living, may not the social earthquake so dreaded by thoughtful students eventuate at any moment? Why then jump on Germany and Austria for trying to make

a bona fide attempt to pull Europe out of her slough of despond?

Is it not good time to echo and re-echo the message that Mr. I. F. Marcosson left here last week?

The Austro-German tariff agreement is the sanest thing produced in post-war Europe, at a time when constructive action is especially needed. Since other countries may join it, the agreement forms a step toward a real pan-European union. But it is purely economic. Altogether Germany, which has been passing through a most critical time, is full of tremendous possibilities for good in Europe.

DOREMUS SCUDDER.

Cannes, France

The Church Leaders

X—Francis J. McConnell

The fact that Francis J. McConnell is a bishop in the Methodist Church, located in New York; is president of the Federal Council of Churches; has just returned from a trip around the world, giving 110 lectures in India, on the Barrows Foundation—topic "The Social Ideal and Social Control"—is sufficient reason for putting him among the Ten Leaders, named by Dr. Stephen S. Wise.

He was born in Ohio, on a farm; might have been President, if he had taken the road McKinley and Garfield took. His father's death left the family poor. He had a wonder of a mother. She voted for an education for her son Francis, although it meant shortening the family menu card. They had moved to Massachusetts—the father being a Methodist minister, thus being providentially movable. Francis went to Andover Academy. Later, he went to Delaware, Ohio, drank from the sulphur springs on the campus, and secured a diploma from the college—called Ohio Wesleyan University—in 1893. He proves the contention of President Hoover that America is the land of opportunity. So do Fred B. Smith and S. Parkes Cadman, who flanked him at the banqueting Table No. 1, when, April 13, I heard him tell about his trip in India.

He studied at the Boston School of Theology, for a few years practiced on a small parish in Massachuetts (probably Congregational) and then came to be head of the New York Avenue Methodist Church in Brooklyn. In 1909, he became president of DePauw University; in 1912, bishop, located at Denver; in 1920, bishop in Pittsburgh; in 1928, bishop in New York. While occupying the bishop's chair, he has done much to reveal a tolerant, progressive and at times radical temperament. There has never been any doubt about his intelligence, courage and honesty. He is apt to say too much to please Conservatives, too little to please Radicals. After speaking, people go away—some saying, "he went too far" others saying, "we wish he had gone farther."

I wish I might have heard him under better circumstances. Banquets at the Commodore, or Astor are taking the place of the old-fashioned funerals, with flowers and eulogies for decorations. People nowadays become sixty or seventy—the end of a long journey or of life—and friends gather, have a big feed—suggestive of the "wake"—and a general powwow of congratulations takes place. It is around a table, instead of at the grave. Instead of sending flowers, friends pay $3.00 for a meal that unfits them for proper receptivity. (I recommend that the Pilgrim Society sometime have a supper of mush and milk. It struck me that it was rather non-fitting to be talking about India and Gandhi, whose notable decorations are hunger, fasting and simplicity.) It was a strange place for Bishop McConnell to be speaking about the millions of India, whose supreme trait is passion for the spiritual. To the right of him sat S. Parkes Cadman with British traditions, to the left of him sat Fred B. Smith with business intuitions, and before his eyes were bejeweled women and rich-dressed men, wrestling with chicken-bones, and toying with delicacies—it requires much imagination to see the spirits of Gandhi and the millions of the poor of India filling the room. Francis J. McConnell, I thought, had a hard job. Such meetings begin with a joke, and end with a joke.

It was a great feat to make one hundred and ten speeches to crowds in India, speaking for one hour each time, with the meeting then thrown open for question and counter addresses. Many people—even the committee—in India thought the lectures should all be cancelled, so tense was the atmosphere. Francis J. McConnell showed a genius for carrying the program through, which he did to the letter. There was no disturbance. "Not a single discourtesy," he remarked—a compliment not only for him but for the people. He said that there is no diminution of Gandhi's hold on the people. White caps were seen everywhere. As to the future, the Bishop was cautious. He intimated that "a number of British and a few Americans in jail would help considerably!" The rural situation is horrible. The people are "hungry in starvation." He thinks it will be a "mess for a long time."

He found one thing which his audiences in India didn't understand about Christianity: it was criticism of itself. Neither could they understand our lynchings, news of which occupy the front page not only in India, but also in Mexico and China! He did not subscribe much to the doctrine or power of asceticism, being like the most of us Westerners. And how could he touch vigorously on fasting in that Commodore East Ballroom, in a presence that acted as if the kingdom of God consisted of eating and drinking. But the Bishop made a good address, and revealed the fact that his presence and words in India were doubtless for the creation of universal goodwill. He has a genius for moderation and common sense.

There were two or three things which I wish he had touched upon in his address, (1) the right, or wrong, of the British being in India at all, (2) the

demand of Christianity, whose ambassador the Bishop was, that Britain should be at least as Christian as Gandhi in its use of weapons. The British are acting as the representative of Americans—both being Western and Christian—and Americans share with them the glory or guilt. This is why America is so deeply interested—the situation in India is not only a human problem, but primarily an Anglo-American problem, exponents of the West. As it seems to me, occupation of India in any way that promises permanency is intolerable. An American who reads his Declaration of Independence, or a Christian who reads the Gospel of Luke can not justify Britain's holding on. It comes with insistence to my mind that Britain should as soon as possible definitely give up her grip on India. She is fundamentally an intruder. All the roots that she may be running down in Indian soil increase the difficulty, but do not remove the fact that they are being run down in a neighbor's yard—not her own. Besides this fundamental right of nations—self-determination—which India should be encouraged to exercise there is being displayed by India a new kind of power of control—non-violence, non-resistance and love—which Britain (America too) should at once seize upon as her own—for her own salvation as well as for the peace of the world. The fallen throne of Spain ought to give warning to Britain and America that God demands justice, righteousness, that force destroys.

As I sat in the Banqueting Ballroom of the Commodore, listening to the voice of the able and just Bishop bringing India before us, and I thought of Britain (America), my ancestral home, it was borne in upon me that her Day of Salvation was here, with Gandhi as her Saviour. Do I miss the mark, when I say that Gandhi is Britain's Messiah? He holds at this moment the keys of life and death for the British Empire. It does not seem to me fancy, but fact, to say—in utmost sympathy—that if Gandhi and his gospel should be crucified, in any way, it would forecast the collapse of the Empire. It would spell ultimate ruin. Personally, I regret that Gandhi plans to go up to London. It ought to be the other way: London should go to India. India is the stage. If either is to blame for the situation, it is not India. The one who is wrong should always seek the other! And, my mind refuses to forget what seems at times to be a deadly parallel—the picture of Christ going up to Jerusalem, just 1900 years ago. I am wondering if there is to be another crucifixion—in one form or other. In London is the seat of entrenched intrigue and ecclesiasticism. Is it possible for one man to play the game alone? The stage in London is overcharged with subtilties. Gandhi seems to me to be Britain's Messiah—the Messenger of Salvation. What will Annas, Pilate, the press do with him? Here is really a chance for a revival of the power of God walking among men! My mind falls again into a classic parallel, when I say, heaven and earth are calling upon Britain—to follow Gandhi!

Two things are clear to me (1) Britain should follow Gandhi (2) Britain in the future development of her Empire should adopt the principle and methods conspicuous in his program: namely non-violence and love. His way is the Way of Salvation. He is honest, just in his demands for India. He has in mind not only the interests of India, but of Britain and mankind as well.

Mankind always seems to be at the cross-roads, entering upon a tragic crisis! But was there ever a more dramatic crisis than now when Britain and India face each other? Here is Britain schooled for a thousand years or more in the teachings of Jesus—love, non-violence, forgiveness—facing India, with her millions, asking for independence and justice, with the prophet Gandhi voicing her soul and proclaiming and practicing those same principles as the way of life. What Britain should do is plain as daylight: Follow Gandhi! Forget guns, lands, revenues for a day—and respond to those deep principles of the spirit which actually lie close to the hearts of the British people! Gandhi is speaking the language of Jesus. There is common ground. Follow Gandhi! This is Britain's Day of Visitation!

It makes one dizzy with joy to imagine Britain standing up before the world, saying, "This is a New Day. Gunboats are obsolete. War is the crime of Cain. *This* day we turn our swords into ploughshares—not some *future* day—*this* day! And, India—our beloved sister India, what is ours is yours. Choose first, as ancient Abraham said to his relative Lot—we will take what is left! And, thus Abraham was named fit to be the 'father' of many nations!" And, then some civil representative of Britain would proceed to India—on a regular boat or airship (not armed)—and glad to "give" to India all that her representatives under leadership of Gandhi asked. It would not take long.

If Britain has courage and character enough to do this, it would save the Empire for a thousand years; it would make disarmament among men a glad fact not a bone for snarling dogs to fight over. The *great fear* would leave mankind. The peace of the world is *today* in Britain's hands, and the point of crisis is what she will do about India. Gandhi is her Messiah. Will she heed? Or will she crucify? This opportunity may not—will not probably—come again, maybe never, when the fate of the Empire, of the Western world, of civilization, hangs on the life and message of a God-reared man—Gandhi—who is swinging open the door that leads to the dawn. It is a fateful hour. May Britain turn to this God-sent man, raised up in her own bosom, trained from Oxford, to Africa, to India, to be her Saviour. If she does, *faith* will take the place of *fear,* and *God will dwell among men as never before!*

There was a man sent of God, whose name was Gandhi. Will Britain hear his voice? Will she know the Time of her Visitation?

As I walked away from the Commodore, with a slight distaste over the meeting, I said to myself, if Francis J. McConnell could be made umpire for the settling of India's future—having MacDonald and Gandhi as the two only members of the committee—clothed with final authority—long strides would be made toward solution. Solution seems to be easy. It is easy. Gandhi has revealed the simple, plain way of salvation.

SYDNEY STRONG.

A Free American Looks at India

VI—Lions—and Rabbits

The only regret I had in leaving Hyderabad in the Deccan was that I didn't see Revolution. The people in the Deccan and generally throughout southern India are tame beyond description, and that is why I spent a good deal of time in Hyderabad and in Mysore with lions and tigers. Tameness does not give one much to write about. I spent hours trying to describe the tameness of Bangalore, a British cantonment, which was as tame and well-behaved as Trafalgar Square on Sunday morning at nine o'clock.

Since being in India, I have had the privilege of meeting a number of "untouchables," but the lion I met in Hyderabad was the king of them all. I don't know how it came about, but I went to the zoo with one of those impromptu friends that spring up out of the ground wherever I go and the keeper of the Nizam's zoo, wanting to be polite to me, gave me access to the biggest of his lions. True, it was a qualified access—an access greater than what was accorded to the public, but less than what would have given the lion complete satisfaction. The only African lion that I ever saw that was not an untouchable was the lion in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion." Nothing is more thrilling than the roar of a lion if you can get within four inches of the end of his nose and look into his jaws while the roar is coming out. I did that. Lions, of course, come from Africa. There is a low-caste lion produced in the Indian province of Kathiawar. But the high-caste lion comes from Africa. The Shaw lion came from Africa. The lions that ate up the Christians in Rome came from Africa. The British lion does not have his habitat in the British Isles in spite of all that has been written and said about that lion being British. The panther is full of guile and tricks. He is a sneak. The lion is incapable of thinking out a trick, but when it comes to sheer dash and bravery there is no animal that is his equal. The lions I saw had been breeding. I did not see that but I saw the results. I learned in the Deccan what I did not know before, that a lioness can be a mother only once in two years, and I believe I am scientific in stating that she can have only two at a time. A female rabbit, assisted by a male rabbit, can put a lioness to shame. All that is a matter of natural history, and I don't pretend to have discovered it myself. But when a lioness gives birth to a child, that child is a lion and never a rabbit. Some Persian poet has said that humility is a virtue only for the strong. That applies to lions but not to rabbits. Pacifism is no virtue for rabbits, but celibacy might do them some good.

Now it came about that Mrs. Sarojini Naidu (born Sarojini Chattopadhyaya) was arrested and put into the same vile jail with Gandhi in Poona. That jail was therefore in my eyes doubly monstrous. At Sabarmati I had caught a never-to-be-forgotten glimpse of Gandhi's home and domestic interests, but I had no idea whatever as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Naidu's house and home. From Poona a magnetic needle seemed to guide my course, and passing over several hundred miles, I found myself at Hyderabad face to face not only with Mrs. Naidu's home and hearth, but face to face with her pretty, clever and patriotic daughter, Miss Lotus Naidu.

In Hyderabad I had to watch my step on account of a police agent who was in the hotel. After wandering about vaguely I put up for the night in a Parsee hotel. I told the landlord I was looking for news to send to America, whereupon he whispered to me two interesting facts; first, that a police agent was standing close to us, and second that Miss Naidu was living in the immediate neighborhood. A police agent is called a "C. I. D. man," which means that he is a member of the Criminal Investigation Department. The more patriotic you are in India the more criminal you are. The C. I. D. men may be English or Indian. This particular specimen was Indian. Why he was a C. I. D. man, I can't imagine. I suppose he was getting money out of it. He was not doing it for patriotism. He looked as if he were trying to find somebody but was not succeeding. Perhaps he did not want to succeed. Perhaps he was beginning to feel patriotic. I wrote a note, under his nose, requesting permission to visit on the following day the patriotic home of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. The permission was graciously granted. I saw Miss Naidu and also three other truth-lovers, but I did not see Revolution. One of the lion cubs from the zoo had been presented to Miss Naidu. She had given him the name of Revolution, a name which seemed to contain some sort of mysterious significance. Revolution (whom I missed) had at the end of two months fallen into a course of action which had disqualified him for being a pet even in a household where conservatism had long ago ceased to be respectable.

But the animals of India! No picture of India is complete without them, the wild life of the jungle, the beautiful birds, the camels, the elephants, the monkeys who sit in rows by the side of the railroad track and look as if they were listening to a sermon in church. They study. They watch the train and the people at the windows—the people who have gone ahead on the upward path, who have got rid of their tails and no longer climb trees. There has been great mental trouble and distress in some of the southern states of the American Union over the monkey question and the evolution question. People have been arrested in some of the southern states for hinting to children that there could be a link between man and monkey, although no monkeys live in those states at all except a few who have made laws making it a crime to teach evolution to school children. I have seen monkeys in India, and I am not afraid to go to any jungle in the south and state openly that while man is not a monkey, a monkey is an embryonic human, and I will take monkeys from India to confirm what I say. The monkeys know.

In Mysore, Govinda drove me in his American motor car. We circled among parks and gardens full of the crimson poinsettia, and strange rich orange-colored blossoms, and masses of white, pink and violet lilies dripping perfume. We looked over the maharajah's horses, carriages, silver-mounted harnesses for state occasions, and then we settled down on a shady piece of lawn in the midst of a nursery of young lions, panthers and tigers. The charm of being in India is that you are made welcome anywhere and everywhere. These young animals were funny fellows and each one

welcomed me with an incipient growl. The lion was all growl, paws and teeth. He had "dash" written all over him. The panther was all spots and whiskers. I am proud to have stroked them all, especially the two tiger cubs, who could do nothing but crouch and spit disdain, for these are the first tigers ever known to have been bred in captivity. A kangaroo demonstrated by opening a little door in her stomach and baby kangaroo put his head out of the door. Crocodile and hippopotamus opened their jaws. The most ugly creature was the weird, growling, horrid, man-killing mandril with a vermilion snout and hindquarters painted with all the vivid colors of the rainbow. The most beautiful creature was the white peacock, a rare bird, of marvelous plumage, pure white, all style, grace, line, distinction, elegance—nature's last word in the art of toilets for birds of good figure. Such is an Indian zoo, teaming with life fresh from rivers, mountains and jungles.

EDWARD HOLTON JAMES

Thoughts of Tolstoy

[*Selections from Tolstoy's "Reading for Every Day," here published for the first time in English*]

LXXXVIII

1.

If I ask myself whether I, a being separate from all,—I, Peter,—I, John—shall live after death, one who believes in a God of love can only answer thus: If it is better that there should be a separate life even after death, it will be; if it is not better, this separate life will come to an end. If I believe in the God of love, I cannot fail to think that all he has done is the very best for me and for all the world.

2.

I remember nothing of myself before birth, and therefore I think that after death I shall also remember nothing of my present life. If there is a life after death, it will be such as I cannot imagine.

3.

Underfoot the hard frozen earth, huge trees all around, overhead the grey sky. I feel my body, I am taken up with thoughts, but at the same time I know, I feel with all my being that the firm, frozen earth and the trees and the sky and my body and my thoughts are accidental, that all this is only a product of my five senses, my fancy, a world built by me; that all this is so, only because I am such a part of the world, and not another, because such is my way of separation from the world. I know that I have only to die, and, for me, all this will—not vanish,—but change its form, like transformations in the theatre, when castles, towers and so on are made out of bushes and stones. Death will produce such a transformation in me, if only I am not quite destroyed, but pass over into another state of being, differently separated from the world. Now I consider my body with its five sense as my self; then something quite different will stand out in me. . . . And all the world, while remaining the same for those who live in it, will become different for me. Indeed the world is as it is, and not otherwise, only because I consider myself one certain being separate from the world, and no other. But there may be countless beings separated from the world, and likewise countless ways of separation.

4.

All is revealed while you live, and is revealed at one and the same gradual pace. But death comes on, and suddenly, either that revelation ceases, or he to whom it was being made ceases to see what was formerly revealed. But he to whom it was revealed cannot fail to remain, because all that was, only existed because he existed. He alone exists.

5.

Only he can believe in a future life who has established in his own consciousness a new relation to the world, for which there is not enough room in this life.

6.

The future life, the life beyond the grave, is just as clear and sure as our present life. It is not only clear and sure—it is the very same life. It only appears to us as transitory because of the illusion of time, that is because of the changes that are taking place.

7.

If we believe that all that has happened to us in our lives, has happened for our good, we cannot fail to believe also that what will happen to us when we die, must also be for our good.

LXXXIX

1.

In order to be truly happy it is necessary to do only one thing: love, love all, both good and evil. Love without ceasing—and you will be happy without ceasing.

2.

We do not know, we cannot know, for what purpose we live. Therefore we could not know what to do and what not to do, had we not the desire for felicity. This desire shows us truly what we should do; if only we understand our life, not as the animal, but as the soul in the body. And this very felicity that our soul desires, is given us—given in love. And love is always within our power.

3.

If you think that felicity is something not within your power, you will always be unhappy. Understand that felicity is only that which is within your power, and no one can take your happiness from you.

4.

No one ever tired of doing good to himself. But the greatest good is to do what my soul desires, and my soul always desires but one thing: love from itself and love toward itself. Place your life in this increase of love, and you will see that felicity is always within your power.

5.

In the constitution of men there is a combination of evil and good, but in their yearnings there is no such mixture. Their yearnings are either evil, in fulfilment of the will of their animal being; or good—in fulfilment of the will of God. If a man gives himself over to the first yearning, he cannot fail to be unhappy; if he gives himself over to the second, there can be no unhappiness for him—all is felicity.

6.

If the life of men is not joyful, this is only because

they are not doing what is necessary to make life an unceasing joy.

7.

Doing good is one thing of which it can certainly be said that it is certainly of benefit to us.

8.

What other felicity would you, when God and the whole world are within you?

(*Angelus Silesius.*)

(*To be continued*)

India Honors a Martyr

From a small though spectacular beginning by Mahatma Gandhi—his great march to Dandi about a year ago—the civil disobedience movement has become India's most natural self expression to the challenge of Britain's Imperialist exploitation. If Britain has discovered the *lathi,* India has discovered the *charkha* and the *takli.* If the foreign government has thrown all its own laws to the wind and employed "emergency" measures whereby sixty thousand of India's sons and daughters have been silenced in gaols run on medieval principles, more than a thousand or so have been shot down and thousands been brutally assaulted by the *lathi* (which inflicts invisible and multiple injuries), the peoples of India have become one people under the inspiring organization of their Congress. About two months ago the Viceroy issued his ninth "Ordinance" declaring all Congress bodies and all Congress activities or assistance in activities illegal almost all over India. Hundreds of Congress offices were suddenly raided, property confiscated and hundreds of persons arrested and thrown into prisons on police evidence that was no more than police spite or suspicion. Did the Viceroy's fiat kill the Congress? For days the considerable force of British police sergeants ran amuck in the crowded streets of Bombay (to take only one chief centre of the movement), snatching of the Indian national flag from hundreds of dwellings, arresting and belaboring anybody they liked, declaring Congress houses sealed to government. Other Congress houses immediately sprang up, a hundred other flags fluttered again, the sales of the illegal *Congress Bulletin* ran up tenfold, and, since Congress announcements were forbidden in the press by order of the Commissioner of Police, these were scribbled in chalk on the streets! Can official laws and lawlessness as interpreted by an over-zealous police and magistracy hope to crush the spirit out of minorities and majorities, high and low, united by a religious fervor, in a non-violent frenzy of self-sacrifice offered (as the hackneyed phrase goes in India) on the altar of Freedom for the Motherland?

But why non-violent? Not entirely because all Indians as a race are morally above violence, but because all Indians, except for a mere handful of the Bengali devotees of the pistol and the bomb, are agreed that in the ecstasy of remaining non-violent, even under the greatest provocation, they find their surest security against indiscipline and disintegration. It is the sheet anchor of the Indian revolution. It is an amalgam of faith, religion and sound tactics. Its seemingly negative fervor is dynamically positive. Its serene contempt of danger, death and destruction throws the other side into lurid relief, making it appear to the whole world, by contrast, monstrous and "satanic." In this is the active principle of Gandhiism and its triumph. To the Eastern mind the practice of non-violence as a discipline comes naturally. To the Western mind it is in itself like a red rag to a bull and, indeed, to the unprejudiced onlooker, this drama of tactical non-violence against exasperated violence looks very much like baiting the bull! And it follows that, if man is superior to the beast, then the Indian is superior to the British.

Not for the first time in the history of this movement has the action of one British police sergeant been responsible for death to a dozen and injuries to hundreds of Indian citizens. Once again a series of incidents have just happened from the arrogant action of a British police sergeant so as to throw the whole city into a ferment and thrill the rest of India. And again, as usual, there are two versions of the policeman's action, the people's version and the government's and, with few exceptions, no citizen of Bombay believes the Government's version.

This is the people's version:

A motor lorry going down a crowded Indian quarter was discovered to be carrying a load of foreign cloth, which being banned by Congress (as the most pernicious item of Indian imports responsible for a drain of 12,000,000 dollars a year) some people surrounded the lorry and prevented it from moving. The police came on the scene and dispersed the crowds with the *lathi* and the rhinocerous whip. Whereupon Congress volunteers stepped forward to bar the way of the lorry by lying down on the street in front of it. They were severely beaten and arrested by the police. As this struggle continued, Babu Genu, a young volunteer, threw himself down before the lorry. Now thoroughly exasperated, a British sergeant jumped on to the lorry and ordered the driver to drive over the prostrated satyagrahi. The driver refused. The sergeant broke his nose for refusing and stepped on to the gas! Babu Genu was removed to hospital with a fractured skull and other ghastly injuries. Four hours later he was dead. Meanwhile the sergeant had registered the incident with the coroner as an accident. The same evening government issued their version of the happening.

This is the government's version:

"The unfortunate man who was killed, died by pure accident. He was jumping and dancing before the lorry shouting, 'Boycott British Goods.' The driver of the lorry as a result of being hit by a stone from the crowd was unconscious and the lorry was out of control. The sergeant jumped on to the lorry and tried to stop it but before he could do so 'the unfortunate man' was knocked down and run over."

The citizens of Bombay gathered in their hundreds of thousands in a funeral procession (such has not been seen for fifteen years, since the great patriot Tilak died) to cremate the remains of Babu Genu who martyred himself in the cause of Boycott and *Swadeshi.* The police barred their way to the seashore where Bombay wished to do Genu his last honours. They charged the funeral procession with *lathis* and bayonets inflicting numerous injuries. The body had to be cremated elsewhere. The spot where Babu Genu received his fatal injuries has become a place of pil-

grimage for thousands who include the Indian Christian community and the Muslims. It is heaped with flowers and incense. Frequently the police come and disperse the crowds with a maximum of violence and remove the floral offerings. In the course of the week two other volunteers have died from injuries received in the *lathi* and bayonet charge on the funeral procession. Which has meant more honors to the dead, more processions and ergo, more assaults by the police! That is how the fires of India's suffering are fanned by the police by order of the government. That is how Gandhi's movement thrives despite ordinances. That is why India is a united nation. We have to thank the British for what they have done for us in nine months. It is more than they have done before in 150 years of "beneficient rule."

Now government has banned the inquest on Babu Genu. No eye witness dare come forward.

FREDOON KABRAJI.

Bombay, India.

Independent Motherhood in Russia

(From our Special Correspondent in Russia)

Recently I had an opportunity to read several articles on marriage in the issues of UNITY and the SURVEY and I felt a certain note of inquietude, of alarm even. As I was pondering over this, other vital facts stood before me.

I saw a procession of women.

I. An office girl in a small town, not very young, not pretty. "I did not believe in a man's love, I was tired of being alone, and I was sure nobody wanted to marry me. So I decided to have a child independently," she confesses to the woman physician, her friend.

The child is eight years of age now, and is devotedly cared for by the mother and her sister.

II. A country teacher, a serious-minded young woman, living with the aged mother, both very anxious to bring up properly a fatherless boy. The young mother admits that she does not need a husband who would boss her.

III. A woman physician of thirty-two, very active, working hard in a country district. "After all, no matter how a woman is educated, what social position she holds, she must fulfil her obligation as a mother," she admits and decides to have a baby. She takes a leave of absence, goes especially to the city, and returns pregnant. A dead premature child was born. For several weeks the woman was sick. Sad but brave she resolutely said to me: "Next spring I will try again."

IV. A dressmaker, left by her husband during the pregnancy. Being out of work and deprived of all means of existence, she wanted at first to undergo an operation. But as it was necessary to wait in the hospital for a long time she finally decided to give birth. She pulled through unspeakable difficulties and proved to be an excellent mother. I recall prophetic lines from Ellen Key: "From uncertain love of a man, woman turns to the sweet love of a child."

But the procession is still moving on.

V. I see a dancer of a state theatre, an unbalanced, nervous individual, extravagant and thoughtless. For several years intimate with a professor of physiology, whose works are printed not only in R.S.F.S.R. but also in Germany. Under his pressure four times she underwent the specific abortion operation, but when the fifth time came she refused. She was sure that he could support the child well enough; besides she also wanted to have a baby. So in due time she gave birth to a tiny, frail son. The father helped in a very moderate way. She applied to the court. Prof. X, learning that I took interest in the case, came to me, asking me to appear in the court and testify that the woman should not have become a responsible mother as she was rather feeble minded. (The mother of the dancer died in the lunatic asylum). He also asked me to insist that the child should be transferred to him. I confessed before the judge that, in my opinion, neither mother, nor father were valuable as educators, she because of her twist of character and her occupation, he as very poor father to his two daughters whom he left with his legal wife. I proposed that the baby, being a year old, should be established with a reliable person, and that a physician from the Department of Protection of Motherhood should visit him and report to the parents about his progress. The judge (a woman) did not agree with Professor X.'s demand, nor with mine. She spoke pathetically of "the dancer who also is a woman and as such has a full right to motherhood." The baby was left with mother, the father being obliged to pay a considerable sum of money—"aliments," as it is called here!

VII. A cultured, refined girl over thirty, an ardent musician and painter, independent, making her living as an assistant to an architect, falls in love with a married artist. At first he promises to divorce and marry her, then learning that she is expecting a child, he changes his plans. The girl indignantly takes entire responsibility on her shoulders, bravely caring for her twin-babies, her mother and sister, of unusual ability, helping her in this hard time.

VII. Then I hear a voice of a college-graduate girl: "Marriage? Never in my life! I will have as many children as I shall be able to support. As to the husband, I do not need him—I do not trust men—I am independent."

Looking at the situation closely and making an analysis of it, I am tempted to admit that the trend of our life in a new social order just in a state of moulding, the propaganda for the use of public *crêches* and kindergarten, the fast-growing responsibility of the state boards for children does not exterminate woman's most natural desire for motherhood, while the tendency of the male population is obviously taking another stand.

So much about the women. But what about men who accept the accusation of being false, irresponsible, "bossy," men who do not protest, but agree that they may and should be treated only as males of the species? What are we witnessing? A normal process of disintegration of the family? Is this what we must expect? Is this what we should desire?

ALINA HUEBSCH.

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The Study Table

Culture History

For forty years and more *Tylor's Anthropology* was the standby for those of us who had to give a class of undergraduates its introduction to the science of man. It was not written as a textbook but for the general reader. It was a remarkable work. In introductory chapters it considered man's place in nature, man's antiquity, the distribution and varieties of man —but the bulk of the book was culture history. Long after it was authoritative, long after the viewpoint of students had changed on actual fundamentals, we continued to use it in the classroom, although time was mostly spent in correcting its errors or emphasizing the changes in theory. We prayed for a book to take its place, but nothing quite filled the bill. Marett, Kroeber, Lowie, Goldenweiser — all had their strong points, all were good books but no one of them really did for today what Tylor did forty years ago. For our own part we find Wissler's "An Introduction to Social Anthropology"[1] nearest to the desideratum. It omits the preliminary matter that was in Tylor and confines itself to culture history. In Tylor culture was considered in itself, as a thing apart from its carriers, as a development once made along one line of evolution. Today we have a different viewpoint. The culture of all peoples is not evolved by the same steps through identical stages. Cultures are studied as we find them, each a thing by itself, a complex of elements variously aggregated and derived from various sources. More than that, for Wissler here, the community that carries the culture is the important thing, the actual subject for investigation. To a degree uncommon in the books of the day Wissler recognizes the importance of the pioneer workers. While he occupies the new point of view, he presents a fair statement of their accomplishment and recognizes that their work was not in vain and that it still has a certain value. Thus, he gives due credit to Morgan, and Tylor, and Ratzel. His book is a textbook, meant for class use, though readable and interesting to anyone. As a model textbook, it does not exhaust the field but introduces leads which are to be followed by practical work and suggested reading. In its discussion of somewhat difficult subjects, such as *Dual Division and Exogamy* and *Relationship Systems* it is extraordinarily simple and clear. Several of the chapters present subjects to which his own studies have been constructively contributory, as in the *Culture Area Concept.* All in all the book is to be commended both for a class text and for stimulating reading.

From all sides the anxious question is being asked Where are we going? What is to become of our civilization? Are we making progress or going backward? Are we able to carry this machine civilization? The book before us[2] is a serious attempt to meet the question. The author is already well known. He is a prodigious reader and expects others to be the same. With an associate he once prepared an excellent coursebook, "Readings in Sociology." In this new book "Culture and Progress," he recognizes that we must start with a clear conception of *culture,* on the one hand, of *progress* on the other—conceptions not so simple as might be assumed. The book is divided into three divisions—*Culture and Culture Change, Theories of Progress* and *Criteria of Progress.* The first of these is an excellent critical and constructive piece of work. It is purely "anthropological." It is boldly independent. It treats of culture areas, methods of inferring culture development, distribution of culture traits, culture changes and survivals, independent origin of similar traits, culture development and progress. These are among the most important themes of the new anthropology. Wallis assails some of the cherished ideas of the most modern workers. He doubts whether Sapir's "time perspective"—one of the most helpful ideas in the science, and one of the latest—is universally sound and indicates some of its weaknesses. He says:

> The conception of culture development which Sapir represents as history is actual theory. Theory makes his history rather than history his theory.

He also attacks Kroeber and Wissler in some of their most brilliant principles of interpretation. Culture areas exist—they well deserve study; but is it certain, for example, that "centrifugal diffusion" is to be relied on in all cases? On the contrary, it often breaks down. The ten chapters of Part I are a notable contribution. They show the necessity of caution, critical approach, vigorous testing. We wish they had been issued as a separate, little, book, to be put into the hands of every young anthropologist. "Culture and Progress" is in reality two books. Part I is a critique on anthropological method; Parts II and III definitely meet the book's title. Not only in matter, but in mode of approach and style, the two sections differ profoundly and are independent. Coming then to the second work, it is a study of opinion and expression through the centuries. The question that faces us is an *old* question. We find it discussed and answered by Plato and Aristotle. Since those old Greek writers, hundreds have discussed and described the ideal toward which culture tends. Wallis presents, usually in the words of the authors themselves, brief statements regarding the ideal republic, the Utopias, the cities of the sun, that have been imagined, described and championed through the centuries. Here the authors are quoted, not to be assailed but to be appreciated and understood. Here there is little comment, less discussion, no conclusion. Quotation is carried to the limit: we almost have again a book of selected readings. At the end we have 45 pages of references for further reading, where the citations are so definite and precise as to suggest digestion tabloids. Wallis himself reads entire books; his students and readers run the risk of losing the art in their faithful performance of these minutely detailed allotted tasks. One can imagine them as almost counting the lines to make sure that they do not overrun the assignment. At times the matter of quotation appears to be overdone. Thus, was it worth while to devote five pages to presenting W. Cooke Taylor's "The Natural History of Society?" Nor does Wallis' love of quotation end with actual "passages" from authors. In what purports to be original comment, single lines or phrases are introduced (sometimes with citation, sometimes not, but always in quotation marks), which almost or quite con-

(1) *An Introduction to Social Anthropology.* Clark Wissler. New York: 1929. Henry Holt and Co. 8vo. pp. x. 392.

(2) *Culture and Progress.* Wilson D. Wallis. New York: 1930. Whittlesey House (McGraw-Hill Book Co.) 8vo. pp. xii. 503. Price $5.00.

tradict each other and which regularly spoil the author's own form of statement. Another marring feature of the author's style is his reiteration of some idea or catch-word that catches his fancy. Thus the calm enjoyment or comfort of the clam (or oyster) does not sustain our interest. Apparently the idea appears to be borrowed from Tyler, an archaeologist. How much does Tyler really know of a clam's psychology? Yet the notion once accepted pleases Wallis so greatly that he brings it out again and again. But we would not belittle Wallis' work. "Culture and Progress" is a most conscientious and serious piece of study. It is one of the most significant books of the year.

If Wallis' book is conspicuous by reason of quotation, sometimes verbose, and for its relatively small amount of original thought and conclusion—no such faults inhere in Randall's "Our Changing Civilization."[3] We believe there is not a single quotation from any author in the entire book. The flow of the authors's ideas is constant and unbroken. The book is instigative, provocative. This discussion grows out of a contrast sharply drawn between the inherited civilization of the peasant and villager and the new society emerging from the city, from business and science; between the simple life of the Italian mountain village and complex existence illustrated by the German Museum. The conflict between two civilizations is on; what will be the outcome? In his early chapters Randall shows that changes are occurring, why old things persist, the sources of our civilization, how changes in culture begin and how they spread. His matter is here of the same sort as that in Wissler and Wallis. There is external change, there have always been changes. There is always resistance to change and the new civilization makes its way through struggle and adjustment. Such periods of adjustment have occurred again and again. In the present conflict there have already been two great reactions—the *Age of Reason* and *Romanticism*. We are again in the midst of the the strife. Business, science, the machine, have become elements and have entered fully into the battle. Will they leave anything that was cherished in the old civilization? Our author is so young that he was spared the religious struggle. He is hampered by no question as to inerrant scriptures or traditional Christianity. There are others not so fortunate. Even yet there are reactionaries in the religious field, who hope against hope, that the good old days of faith will return. He is still bound by *art*, and *morals*. He has no personal regret at the passing of orthodox Christianity, but he dislikes to relinquish his *aesthetic* pleasures and his ideals of a *good life*. In a series of chapters he asks what the City and the Laboratory will do to Religious Faith, to Art, to the Moral Life. As to religious faith he is somewhat vague. Christianity passes, has passed indeed, but "eventually our Jewish-Christian heritage will flow into the religious life called forth by the spirit of science and the organization of the machine." He is rather more definite as to his own two remaining strongholds. As to Art—

> We shall find creative insight spontaneous and natural, and who knows but imagination will raise mechanical craftsmanship to the level of fine art?

And the moral life will remain, it must fit of course with an ever-changing, non-crystallizing science.

> What is demanded is a flexible principle that will guide us as group shifts into group, as problem succeeds problem and new sources of friction arise. We need an experimental moral faith.

Randall is optimistic. One unshackled from art and morals, a true man of the machine age, might be as ready to sacrifice the solace of art and moral life, as does Randall let the old traditional religion go.

Robert Redfield's "Tepoztlan: a Mexican Village,"[4] is not only an admirable sociological study; it is a real contribution to the Mexican question. No thoughtful reader will leave the book without having a clearer conception of the practical problems with which the Mexican Government has to deal. Tepoztlan is a town in the sub-tropical mountain state of Morelos. It is typical of its class. With a population almost purely Indian, with the Aztec language still in use among the older and more conservative and understood by all, it is an excellent case of contact of cultures, an object lesson in "diffusion" and mutual interaction between diverse culture elements. Redfield's book is not a descriptive ethnology, nor does it aim to find Indian survivals. Its purpose is to simply and clearly present present day conditions and to investigate what new culture is arising and why. He clearly defines "folk" and sharply marks it off from "urban" culture. Tepoztlan, like Mexico in general, is passing from folk- to urban-culture. An admirable tabulation of the elements of Tepoztlan culture is given. Two cultures are sharply marked in the village and must be distinguished—(a) General Tepoztlan Culture and (b) a foreign, introduced urban culture of secondary elements. The General Tepoztlan Culture itself can be resolved into three groups of elements—Indian, Mixed and Spanish. The secondary elements, urban, extraneous, are no part of the general life—they are confined to a small section of the population, which lives in the center of the town around the *plaza* or public square. The community of Tepoztlan consists of the central town with a "constellation" of seven villages. Space permits no extended examination of Redfield's work. His discussions of the community as a whole, of the relation of the central town to the outlying villages, of the significance of altitude, of individual characteristics, of the significance of the *barrio*, of *santos* and chapels and shrines, of the ceremonies and festivals, of the "rites of passage," of division of labor, of specialization and specialists, are not only interesting—they are of the highest importance. They are largely from a fresh and new viewpoint. Redfield finds the community divided, by the people themselves, into *tontos* and *correctos* and makes excellent use of the terms to bring out his lessons and to hammer them home. It is evident, is it not, that we like the book? We recommend it to a wide and varied group of readers.

FREDERICK STARR.

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(3) *Our Changing Civilization.* John Herman Randall, Jr. New York: MCMXXX. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 16mo. pp. x. 362. Price $2.50.

(4) *Tepoztlan: A Mexican Village.* Robert Redfield. Chicago: 1930. The University of Chicago Press. 16mo. pp. xi. 247. Price $3.00.

I disagree with every word you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.

—Voltaire.

The Field

The Men's Farm Prison at Harta, Hungary

Situated on the southern plain of Hungary lies the great Prison Colony of Harta where the prisoners are in the main occupied in agriculture, work out in the fields all day, and seem to have a remarkably free, useful and active life.

The chief farm and its house and original buildings were left to the state in the will of a Hungarian citizen named Wagner in 1885, who disposed thus of this estate of the Hungarian Ministry of Justice on condition it was used as a work centre for prisoners sentenced for life or for long periods.

In 1920 the whole prison was reorganized and three other small farms were added to the institution.

The men live at three of the farms, but the majority are housed at the chief farm where the main activities and the institutional life are centered.

The whole prison has places for 450 men, but on the day of my visit 407 men were there.

The prisoners are not all of one class but specially selected for out of door work and are sent there from convict or ordinary prisons, but with the idea of improvement in character and where there is a knowledge or desire to do agricultural labor. Many first offenders are working there. At the main farm the men live in separate houses, about thirty to forty in each building. In such houses there is a large entrance hall which serves as a dining room and for recreation, and from the hall there are two or three bedrooms for the men and one for the guards. This gives a homely atmosphere to the institution. The men go out to work from morning till evening, with a break at midday, in gangs, but quite a number seemed to be doing work without any guard near them. One was struck by the remarkably few guards, there being in all for day and night duty forty-four and two overseers.

A spirit of mutual trust is created and escapes are very rare. There are the usual institutional workrooms, kitchen and bathroom, washhouse, library, the church, etc. The place is very clean, the dietary up to the usual prison standard, modern machinery is in use in kitchen, laundry, etc., electric light is everywhere. Prisoners may earn 4-6 hellers daily, and it is allowed that up to a maxmium of 6 pengos monthly may be sent to a prisoner by friends outside. The men may smoke out of doors in the leisure hours.

The working hours are long in the busy seasons—from 11 to 12 hours daily—but this is customary amongst the agricultural laborers in Hungary.

The library badly needs books, and handbooks on farming and gardening, or handicraft should be useful.

The men have one hot bath monthly in summer, but frequent cold baths, and one hot bath every second month in the winter. As the men are doing heavy work all day the hot bath might be increased with advantage.

There is a small hospital, but it is in little use, and serious cases are sent into Budapest.

A prisoner with good marks and a reformed character may go home before the expiration of his actual sentence, but is under local police supervision, and in rare cases a man may go home to get his own piece of land dug and sown where the family at home is unable to cultivate it.

Here at Harta is an extraordinary freedom and in the stables and cowsheds, and in the farmyard many prisoners seem to have little or no supervision, but most are trusted cases. The men looked remarkably healthy, and except for their uniformity of dress, might have been ordinary farm laborers on a large estate. They spoke freely to me and seemed to appreciate the free and open-air life. Their contact with the animal life and with the products of mother earth had a beneficial effect on the majority of the men.

They are not so isolated from humanity as in an ordinary prison, and though there is no association with others than the officials and their comrades, yet they see women and children connected with the guards' families and those at work in the neighboring fields, and this must have a humanizing effect unknown in the ordinary walled-in institution.

In an agricultural land like Hungary many of the prisoners are normally associated with the land, so the years spent at Harta are not wasted in useless labor.

It happened that just before my visit a few younger prisoners had escaped, but on their recapture were put into punishment cells. The details I will describe to the rightful authorities, as I felt the punishment was too severe. It is to be understood from the psychological point of view that some of the younger souls with a spirit of adventure will try to escape, and on their recapture certain privileges should be refused and certain disciplinary punishment enforced, but it is not deemed wise today to try to crush the very spirit of the man and to weaken him physically and mentally.

Had I not seen these punishment cells in use I should have said so long as some of the present penal laws are in force that Harta was a prisoners' paradise for men fitted for long and hard labor each day; but nevertheless here is a system actually working successfully where the maximum freedom is given the prisoner. Great confidence is placed in the men, they go about at times alone, there are few signs of guards and locks and keys and guns, there is a close touch with nature and outdoor life, and a sense of mutual trust between official and prisoner.

Here is a prison system which puts a man on his mettle, gives him the chance to go straight, encourages him to do his daily duty, and creates in him a hope for the future when he is free to undertake his rights and privileges of citizenship.

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